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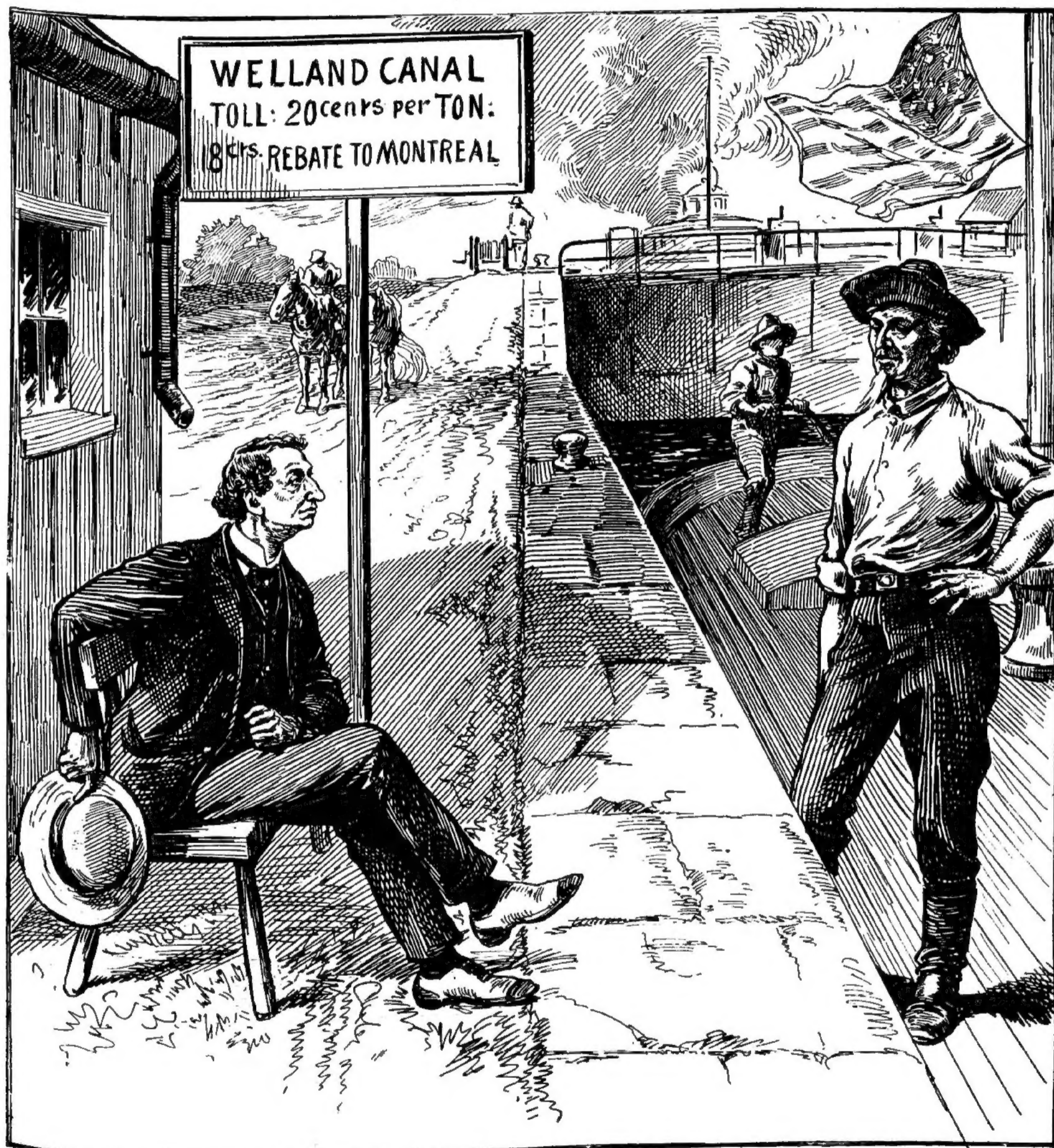
# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

VOL. I.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, 11th AUGUST, 1888.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM.  
10 CENTS PER COPY.



## NO DISCRIMINATION.

CAPTAIN JONATHAN: If you make me pay 20 cents a ton, Uncle Sam 'll take it out 'o your boats at the Soo, Mister.

TOLL-KEEPER SIR JOHN: You have no cause to complain, Captain, Canadian boats pay the same toll. If you want the rebate, just take your cargo to Montreal! The toll *may* be removed, by-and-bye; but it will be to help traffic, mind you, and not on account of your bluster!

# The Dominion Illustrated.

10 cents per copy; \$4 a year.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON, Publishers,  
162 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

11th AUGUST, 1888.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

**N**OW is the time to subscribe to the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, and secure the back numbers while they are to be had. Send \$4.00 for one year, or \$1.00 for a trial of three months, to the Publishers, or the Toronto office.

Club terms on application.

AGENCY OF "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED" in TORONTO.—Messrs. ALEX. S. MACRAE & SON, of 127 Wellington street, Toronto, are our agents for Toronto and Western Ontario, authorised to receive subscriptions and take advertisements for "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

**TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.**—We are anxious to procure good photographs of important events, men of note, city and town views, forest and farm operations, seaside resorts, mountain and prairie scenery, salmon and trout fishing, yachting, etc., from all parts of the Dominion, and we ask photographers, amateur and professional, to show their patriotism, as well as their love of art, by sending us prints of such subjects as may enable us to lay before our readers, at home and abroad, interesting and attractive pictures of Canada.

Correspondents sending manuscripts which they wish returned, if not accepted, are requested to enclose stamps for return postage.



It has long been an open secret that our salmon limits have been ceded without judgment, entailing serious loss to the exchequer. On the Restigouche there is a contest against the suppression of net privileges, and the natives complain that the "rich Americans" have too much influence with the Government officials. On the Cascapedia the people of New Richmond hold that the water held by the Governors-General would bring a great deal more than the present rental of \$500 for a magnificent stretch of that splendid river, if thrown open to competition. The subject is worthy of legislative consideration.

Travellers bring the best news from two colonies of settlers in the Northwest. The Icelanders, south of Glenboro, occupy a rich domain, with fine farms under cultivation, good roads and comfortable buildings. They adapt themselves well to the ways of the country, are thrifty and take an interest in territorial affairs. Even more may be said in behalf of the Mennonites, who have been long enough in the country to show that the experiment of their transportation was a happy one. The South Russians have the knack of money-making, thus reaping the reward of hard toil.

We were among the first to express regret that Dr. Daniel Wilson, of Toronto, should have thought fit to decline the honour of knighthood,

giving the very reason which it seems prevailed on him to reserve his decision—that he was thus chosen, not only for his own merits, but as a representative of Canadian letters and of the worthy teaching class. We have no sympathy with the spirit that carps at these distinctions. They are old and historical and part of a sound English system of rewards, outside altogether of ribbon, medal, cross and parchment.

A reverend writer, in the *Forum*, makes an onslaught on the funereal customs of the day, going the length of calling them "barbaric." We fear that this is rather strong speech. We question whether it applies to the United States; it certainly does not apply to the Southern and South-western States. It is clearly unjust as regards Canada, where these ceremonies are conducted in a decorous, Christian way, and where nothing is inconsistent "with good taste, intelligent morality and a spiritual religion."

The scheme of Imperial Federation is keeping its hold on public notice on both sides of the Atlantic. A curious mistake with regard to its votaries is, however, that the Tories of Britain and Canada are at the bottom of the "fad," while the truth is as much the other way. The Liberals of England and Ireland, headed by Messrs. Gladstone and Parnell, declared their adhesion to it in open Parliament, the other day, while, in this country, the Liberal leaders, Mr. Blake and Sir Richard Cartwright, have both favoured it in public speeches. The fact is that the question, if understood as it should be—else the project would have no ennobling influence—soars high above petty party divisions.

The Province of Ontario, which generally leads, and is never backward, in the path of improvement, is about introducing a long-wanted reform in the management of her gaols and asylums. The lunatics who were confined within penal walls, for want of special accommodation elsewhere, will now be transferred to the new wing or "annex" of the Hamilton Asylum, just completed. The change will be hailed in every part of the province, and we shall hear no more of the complaints and warnings, on that score, of grand jurymen, at the meetings of the courts of assizes.

In no mood of surprise, but with a grim bow to the despotism of party spirit, we learn the impending defeat of the Fisheries Treaty, in the Senate of the United States. In that body the Opposition have a majority of only two, which will likely be altered to a minority within the next few months, and with that feeble lever they upset a measure of the gravest importance, the work of two governments looking with a single eye to peace and union, and backed by a large majority in the popular branch—the House of Representatives. In spite of all, a loophole of survival will still be found, and the Fisheries question will be satisfactorily settled.

France had better have a care. The publication of vital statistics again shows that she is being gnawed by a cancer. Natality is lessening there at an alarming rate. Births are out of all proportion with deaths. While the small nations around are growing through natural fecundity, the population of France is decreasing from year to year. If the evil goes on, as it will, in half a century from now France will rank only sixth among the nations of Europe. It is a painful subject, but the lesson

is a searching one, which no vain reasoning can get over, that, between religious Brittany and free-and-easy Normandy, the yearly births of the former are 33 for each 1000, while in the latter, they are only 19.

The question of lotteries is being faintly brought up in this Province, the Local Government being desirous of testing the legality of advertisements published by the Le Monde Printing Company for the Louisiana State Lottery, bringing suit against the same therefor. It is to be hoped that the whole subject of lotteries, while we are at it, will be aired in the courts and the press, as there is wide divergence of views among dwellers in Lower Canada on the point. With regard to the famous Louisiana Lottery, it may be of help for some people to remember that the two superintendents thereof are General Early, a good churchman for a soldier, and General Beauregard, another good churchman, who is of French-Canadian descent from the Toutant family of Three Rivers.

There is nothing like going back to first principles. In this age of verbiage, flippancy and presumption, it is well to remember that man and the world are governed by a few slight rules, the forgetting or forsaking of which throws the whole gear out of groove. Dr. Lavell, Warden of Kingston penitentiary, has learned this, through sight and sound of the wretched lives that are locked up under his eye. The Doctor does not seem to say much, but he speaks whole books when he states that the starting point of most of the criminals under his charge may be traced to disobedience to parents, bad company and neglect of Sunday worship.

## THE REFLUENT TIDE.

In "Evangeline," the poet speaks of the returning tide that, afar from the waste of the ocean, comes heaving and hurrying forward. This image is being applied by some enthusiastic papers of the West to a so-called movement of repatriation from the United States into Ontario and other provinces of the Dominion. The story is given out that quite an appreciable number of Upper Canadians who went westward, on the American side, to improve their fortunes, have come back to their former homes, quite satisfied that they can live better, cheaper and with more comfort in their own land. We should like to believe that this account is strictly true; that it embraces a sufficient number of returns worth talking about and building a theory on, and, indeed, that the repatriation is not merely sporadic and intermittent. But the facts which have reached us allow of no such assurance, and we have to fall back, in this instance, as in so many others in a people's life, on the stern routine of money and climactic needs, and the notions, fancies and prejudices of individuals.

The situation is still more glaring in the Province of Quebec. Both parties have been courting popularity, with large grants of money, to induce the thousands of their emigrants to come back. Most unjustifiable political capital has been made of the "exodus" to the United States, often to the abuse of one or the other political parties, and always to the depreciation of the credit and prestige of Lower Canada. The writer is thoroughly acquainted with this whole subject. He knows all

about the matter of emigration and immigration. He denies altogether that the passage of so many French-Canadians across the border is due to political causes or traceable to the poverty of their native province. The movement is natural and spontaneous. It takes place in virtue of the dynamic law, which holds throughout all the works of nature, that the greater draws the lesser—*pars major trahit minorem*—and the United States have an absorbing, attractive power. Besides, the French-Canadian is much more of a nomad than the native of France. He has the blood of the *coureurs des bois* and of the *voyageurs* in his veins. He likes to move about and to pitch his tent where he listeth. Many is the laughing reply which the writer has got from toilers in New England factories that they left Canada for a change and more freedom. Any one visiting them at their dwellings will be convinced at once that it is useless talking about their returning to Canada. That cannot be done to any extent, and, what is more, the "exodus" cannot and will not be stopped. It flows on and on, like Tennyson's brook. A frequent and significant sight, at South Quebec, is to see a train, by the Grand Trunk, for Montreal and the West, filled with people from the emigrant ships, and another train, by the Quebec Central, crowded with whole Canadian families and their household goods, bound for the New England States, and both steaming out of the same station, to their opposite destinations. Ontario people will go to the West and Northwest, and Quebec people will go to the Eastern States, and you cannot stop them. No amount of legislation can check that tendency, and were the whole of Canada a Land of Promise, flowing with milk and honey, there would be still a constant outflow of her children to the land of the stranger. No man of sense will deny that we live as comfortably here as in the United States, and that, in proportion to numbers, there is as much accumulated and disposable wealth among Canadians as among Americans, but even that salient circumstance has no weight in the scales. And, of course, there is no cause for alarm. These things balance themselves. The empty spaces are soon filled, and the proof that Canada is making rapid strides in population is patent to the least observant.

#### CANADIAN INFLUENCE.

If fresh proof were needed of the stand which the Dominion of Canada is taking on this continent, and of the growing force of its political and territorial power, we find it in the bluster and rhodomontade of certain American papers, when speaking of our public works, and our grip on the channels of freight and travel, by land, lake and sea. The New York *Tribune*, for instance, that has always been erratic under Whitelaw Reid, ever since he got unbridled control of the once great paper, after Horace Greeley, takes the Canadian Pacific Railway as a text, to utter some of the silliest and most insolent threats, and lays down an absurd travesty of a great underlying principle of American polity. In one breath, the metropolitan paper attacks the railway as a ruinous speculation, in its original design, and as a political piece of machinery set in motion to bind together the provinces of the Confederacy, *at the expense of the United States*. It then utters a long whimper about Canadian control of a line of

steamers between Victoria and San Francisco; about the enormous subsidy, from Great Britain and Canada, to four steamers competing with an American line in the carrying trade across the Pacific from China and Japan, "so as to force the Yankees to import their tea from Winnipeg"; about tapping the United States, at many points along the frontier, with a diversion of business in favour of the Canadian trunk lines, which are running across northern Maine, through the Adirondacks and along the north shore of Lake Superior, and, after the Sault Ste. Marie was bridged, pushing new railways to Duluth and Minneapolis as feeders for the Canadian Pacific. Waxing in his wrath, the fiery editor charges his countrymen with folly for closing their eyes to the fact that Canada, *with the assistance of Great Britain*, is becoming a more formidable competitor for the commerce of the continent, and that her "political railway" has snatched from the American trunk lines much of their transportation business, while along the border its feeders are running mostly into American markets. Then comes the culminating threat, for which the editorial writer ought to get a gigantic foolscap: "The Republican platform stands for a revival of the Monroe doctrine and the supremacy of American influence."

It were idle to attempt a reply to such twaddle, which really answers itself. And there is no use getting angry in return, for then we should be as ridiculous as the New York writer himself. Rather should we smile at the insane pretension that the Canadians have not as much right as Americans on this continent, more than half of which belongs to them, and which they mean to settle and people as fast as human appliances will allow. We have that right and will hold it, and we will carry out the further right of trading where and as far as we please, pushing our trunk lines, our ocean steamers on the Atlantic and the Pacific, our inland packets and canal boats, to every point where profitable trade can be obtained.

And as to the invocation of the Monroe doctrine, it is the height of impertinence to call that a Republican principle which was laid down by Monroe, the favourite disciple of Jefferson and Madison, the founders of the true American Democracy. It is clear that the editor does not know what the Monroe doctrine is—and there are not many writers of his ilk that do—else he would not seek to apply to commercial questions a code, anodyne as it is, set forth for high political contingencies only. In the next number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED we shall have a special study on this famous state paper of the fifth President of the United States, viewed from the standpoints of history and of political economy.

#### POINTS.

By ACUS.

Sometimes trembling in the mariner's compass, sometimes being quickly plied with busy fingers, made of that steel which is a proverbial synonym for truth,—the needle, from which (as every school-boy knows) I take my name, performs a useful part, though small and unobtrusive. Upon occasion, also, it has no difficulty in making itself *felt*. In all its undertakings it never fails of its "point." These good examples, therefore, on the part of the needle, which I have set down for myself to emulate, may not be the easiest in the world to follow; but it will be my endeavour, to the best of my ability, to possess some, or all, of these characteristics.

Lord Stanley of Preston, during his recent brief stay in Ottawa, "rushed" things in a truly American manner. For one thing, his special train arrived considerably earlier than was announced; and the crowd that gathered at the station subsequently to meet him were disappointed to find themselves rather late in the day. Similarly, when His Excellency was to be sworn in, he was again premature, and the members of the Ministry and others who were to have received him came straggling along afterward. Meanwhile, Lord Stanley enjoyed himself among the walks and vistas of the Parliament grounds. One may infer, from these things, that the new Governor will not be at all backward in coming forward.

Among the features of Sir John's individuality, next to his strong and characteristic nasal appendage and his histrionic hair, comes perhaps his red necktie. Wherever he goes, that necktie blossoms like the rose of Sharon. The haberdashers ought to feel very grateful to Sir John, seeing that his example has so much increased the demand for these ties.

Among the many good things attributed to Sir John Macdonald is his reply to the agent for an American illustrated work, when the latter asked not only that Sir John should furnish a sketch of his life, but that he should pay for its insertion. Sir John, it is said, told the agent that a highwayman asks for one's money *or* one's life; "but," said he, "you want *both*."

The action of Dr. Daniel Wilson, in refusing the honour of knighthood, is not altogether inconsistent with the record of University College, Toronto. This college is one out of the number of those that have discontinued the distribution of prizes. It has been set down as a principle that knowledge, like virtue, is its own reward. Some such consideration as this may have influenced the venerable president; and he may have felt that knighthood is simply a sort of prize, which the possession of real merit renders superfluous. To the rank and file of ordinary mortals, however, who are less philosophic than the professor, there will always be an air of imposing splendour about the stately "sir."

The Rev. W. T. Herridge, B.D., present incumbent of St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, but formerly a resident of Montreal, has already earned a considerable reputation as an earnest preacher and scholarly writer. But recently he saw fit, publicly, to cast in his lot, on the temperance, with Dr. Macdonnell, of Toronto; and he has consequently broken quite a hornet's nest about his ears. If we are to judge from remarks made by opposing factions, we may believe Mr. Herridge to be either a positive saint or a decided sinner. Seriously, however, while we may question the propriety of his course, there can be no doubt as to his purity of heart or sincerity of purpose.

HOW TO HELP THE POOR.—It is sad to have to acknowledge that the majority of the schemes for bettering the condition of the working millions are worse than useless. They sometimes do actual harm. There is a way, however, that money can be spent advantageously for the benefit of the toilers. Cornelius Vanderbilt has appropriated a large sum of money to build a club house for the employees of the New York Central Railway Company who work around New York. In this club the men are furnished refreshments and opportunities for innocent recreation at a trifling expense. The aim is to give the employees, off duty, a good time in a club of their own, in which there shall be no temptations to dissipation. The Prince of Wales recently laid the foundation of a people's palace in East London. When completed, it will provide a means of recreation for hundreds of thousands of workmen, and also a technical and trade school for the education of boys. It will contain a summer and winter garden, concert halls, swimming baths, gymnasium, reading rooms and a library.



J. J. CURRAN, Q. C., M. P. FOR MONTREAL CENTRE.

From a photograph by Summerhayes & Walford.



THE TORONTO UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS.—WINTER VIEW.

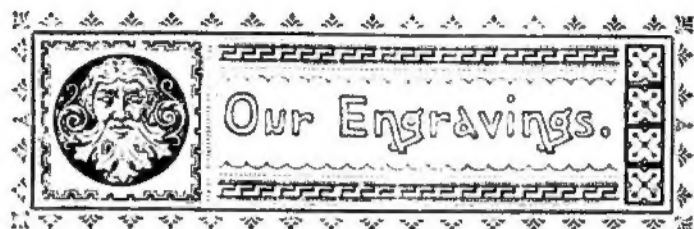
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VIEW IN THE SELKIRKS.

SHOWING UNFINISHED SNOW SHED, AND THE SUMMER AND WINTER TRACKS OF THE C. P. RY.

From a photograph by Notman.



**OUR CARTOON.**—No discrimination! No, indeed; that is to say, Canada makes no discrimination as between Canadian and American vessels passing through the Welland Canal, and the Americans show no discrimination in their cry of retaliation. Surely, they don't expect us to discriminate in favour of their vessels, which we would be doing were we to charge them a lower toll when bound to Oswego than we do on Canadian boats bound for Toronto or Port Hope. We discriminate in favour of the St. Lawrence route by granting a rebate of 18 cents on cargoes for Montreal, but we make no difference as between American and Canadian boats, and the complaint of the United States has no foundation in fact.

**MR. JOHN J. CURRAN, Q.C.**—The member for Montreal Centre was born at Montreal, on the 22nd February, 1842, and educated first at St. Mary's College, under the Jesuits, and afterward at Ottawa College with the Oblates. He was graduated B.C.L. at McGill in 1862, called to the Bar in 1863, and made a Q. C. in 1882. He is a Doctor of Laws of Manhattan College, N.Y., one of the chief institutions in America of the Christian Brothers. He unsuccessfully contested Shefford in 1874, and first entered Parliament in 1882, and re-elected at the last general election.

**THE TORONTO UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS.**—This magnificent pile of buildings was erected during the years 1854-59, to provide accommodation not only for the University of Toronto (which simply confers degrees), but also for University College, with its various lecture rooms, residences, and students' quarters. The massive structure was designed by Messrs. Cumberland and Storm, and built under their directions. The chief façades of the building are to the south and east, the former of great and massive elevation, for distant effect from the lake and city. The general outline of the building approaches the form of a square, having an internal quadrangle of about 200 feet square, the north side of which is left open to the park. The main frontage of the south is about 300 feet long, with a massive Norman tower in its centre, 120 feet in height, and comprising two storeys, that on the ground being devoted to lecture rooms, and the upper storey to the library and museums; this may be called the public portion of the building. The east side of the building is 260 feet in length and entered by a subsidiary tower. The west end of the quadrangle is about 200 feet in length, and is used as residences for the students. The whole cost was nearly \$500,000.

The senate of Toronto University met last week, and confirmed the reports of the examiners at the recent matriculating examinations in the faculties of arts and medicine and in the department of agriculture. The following are the scholarships:

The Mary Mulock Classical Scholarship.—W. H. McClive, St. Catharines.  
Mathematics.—H. G. Crocker (quadruple), U. C. C., J. A. McMurchy, Hamilton (eq.),  
Modern Languages.—H. G. Crocker.  
Prince of Wales Scholarship for First-class Honours in Two Departments.—H. G. Crocker.  
General Proficiency.—H. G. Crocker; 1, A. Shiel, U. C. C.; 2, A. W. Cameron, Dutton; 3, F. W. Shipley, Brampton; 4, J. McCrae, Guelph.

**VIEW IN THE SELKIRKS.**—Our readers cannot, we are convinced, have a surfeit of the splendid scenery of our great mountain regions, and the beauty and variety of the views are such that we may be expected to present each week two or three of them among our illustrations. Here we have a scene, to the grandeur of which our engraving scarcely does justice. We are at the summit of the Selkirks, and we see in the distance a part of the ice-covered peaks, including a portion of the Great Glacier. In the foreground, to the right, is the winter railway track, covered by the snowshed, unfinished at the time the photo was taken, while the summer track trends off to the left.

**HON. HONORÉ MERCIER.**—The First Minister of the Province of Quebec was born at Iberville, on the Richelieu, on the 16th October, 1840, and educated at the College of the Jesuits in Montreal. He was called to the Bar in 1867, and began his public career, like so many of his countrymen, in the paths of country journalism, being editor of the *Courrier de St. Hyacinthe* for several years. His first entry into Parliament was in 1872 for Rouville, where he sat until 1874, and then returned to private life and his profession till 1879, at which time he was elected to the Quebec Assembly for St. Hyacinthe and was Solicitor-General in the Joly Government for some months. He was re-elected on two subsequent occasions, and in January, 1887, became leader of a new Provincial Government, composed of Liberal and National elements, in which he at first held the office of Attorney-General. He is now mostly occupied with the management of his administration and party.

**FOUNDLING GIRLS** is from a painting by Mrs. Anderson. To our younger patrons, who may not know what a "foundling" is, we would explain that an infant deserted or exposed by its parents, or a child found without an owner, is one. The painting from which this picture was taken endeavours to show us how beneficent people, who have

erected and supported foundling hospitals, have perfected their work. These little foundling girls have been taken in, fed, clothed, educated, even to singing sweet hymns, until we now see a bevy of them, wearing their caps of grace, attending worship, and awaiting their turn to sing or chaunt. The grouping is very natural, the faces all different and equally beautiful. Mrs. Anderson is an English lady famous for two paintings—this one and a companion to it, called "Cloister Boys."

**HON. EDWARD DEWDNEY, C.E.**—The new Minister of the Interior is an Englishman by birth, being born in Devonshire, in 1835. He went thence to British Columbia in 1859 and, as a civil engineer, was employed on the Canadian Pacific Railway survey. He sat for Kootenay in the British Columbia Assembly as far back as 1868; was returned to the Commons in 1872; was appointed Indian Commissioner in 1879 and Lieutenant-Governor of the N. W. T. in 1881. He has just been nominated Minister of the Interior, and will run for East Assiniboia.

**BOW RIVER FALLS.**—These are quite distinct from the falls of the same river, called Kananaskis Falls, previously published in these pages. The latter are some twenty miles nearer Calgary. The former are quite close to Banff, and form an important feature in the landscape of the National Park. The river Spray, a short distance below the falls, joins its turbulent waters to those of the Bow.

**THE WASHERWOMAN.**—The Blass family presents a remarkable succession of talent. Charles v. Blass was born in 1815, in Tyrol, and enjoys the reputation of a gifted historical painter; his two sons, Eugène and Jules, are also artists of note. The elder of them, Eugène, is devoted to historical and modern painting, and Jules consecrates his talent to the drawing of animals, especially horses. The engraving in this number is taken from the original by Eugène, who was first the pupil of his father and then studied in the Venetian and Vienna Academies. After having spent a few years in travelling over Italy, France, Belgium and England, Eugène Blass took up his abode in Venetia. From the past and present of this Adriatic peninsula he draws the subjects of his various paintings, always simple and neat in composition and beautiful in design and colour.

### TOM MOORE'S HOME.

Sloperton Cottage is about as cosy a retreat from the turmoil of towns as could be imagined—an ideal poet's home it really is. The poet went to live there in 1817. He got the cottage, furnished, at £40 a year, but subsequently the rent, minus the furniture, was fixed at £18. He added a wing to it himself, and, procuring a root of ivy from Tara Hill, trained the plant to weave a garment of leaves around it in keeping with the other portions of the building. Along two sides of a kitchen garden at the back of the cottage the poet built a narrow raised bank, sheltered by laurel hedges, which he called the "terrace walk." He told Gerald Griffin that he always composed while walking, and we may assume that many of his brilliant melodies and songs were written as he promenaded on the terrace. "How dear to me the hour when daylight dies," he exclaims in one of his poems; and we are told by Mrs. Moore that he never missed watching the setting of the sun in the west during the summer months from the terrace walk. The walk still remains, and indeed things are pretty much the same as they were when the poet lived, with the exception that the kitchen garden has been turned into a lawn and a portion of land has been added to the grounds as a flower garden. The gardener of the present occupant—a lady named Spicer—says that not many people come to see the place, and that Irish soldiers of regiments stationed in Devizes, a garrison hard by, were the most frequent visitors. He was too young, he said, to have remembered the poet; but Mrs. Moore he knew, and in her declining years she became very feeble and had to be wheeled around in a chair. His father knew Moore well, and often spoke of the pitiable condition to which the poet, like Swift and Scott and other literary men, was reduced for two years before his death. Moore died at Sloperton Cottage of softening of the brain, in the 72d year of his age, and Mrs. Moore died in 1865. The writer supplied himself with some leaves of the "Tara ivy" and returning to Bromham, the neighbouring hamlet, paid another visit to the grave, and prayed that Ireland at least, whatever the rest of the world may do, will never cease

To love and cherish  
The wit and song, the name and fame of Moore.



The international type-writing tournament is to be held at Toronto on the 17th of August.

A report to the Winnipeg Board of Trade shows the total of last year's crop to have been fourteen million bushels.

A survey of the approaches to Collingwood harbour will be made under the direction of Commander Boulton, R.N.

The negotiations with the Imperial Government respecting the Canadian Pacific mail subsidy have made excellent progress, and a conclusion is daily expected.

The Post Office Department has arranged to resume the steam mail service between Victoria, B.C., and San Francisco, in accordance with the terms of the union.

Over seven hundred colonists from Iceland will arrive in Manitoba this month, driven from their northern homes by the excessively hard conditions of life in North Iceland.

The Government steam launch *Cruiser* is en route to Georgian Bay, where she will be used for the purpose of preventing the smuggling of goods from the United States into Canada.

The Imperial authorities have informed the Marine Department that they no longer intend to use Sambro, at the mouth of Halifax river, as a signal station. The regular troops will be withdrawn from the island at once.

Mr. Lynch has concluded his enquiries into the dairying of England, Ireland and Scotland. What he saw on the Continent convinced him that Canada will find a desirable market for butter in England, despite the low prices, if such measures are taken as have raised the Canadian cheese industries.

One hundred and twenty farm labourers are leaving next week for farms of Sir John Lister-Kaye's company in the Northwest, being booked through to Balgonie. It is intended to develop the property forthwith. Nearly all are engaged for two years.

A British firm has completed a large contract for four or five thousand head of Alberta ranche cattle, delivery at the rate of 1,000 per week, to begin the second week in August. Northwest ranche stock was favourably received last year, and good prices are expected. Cattle men say general Dominion cattle reaching the English markets this year is excellent, indicating much progress in quality during the last four years.

The entire Metapedia river is understood to be leased by Sir George Stephen, one of the Canadian Pacific management, but the Metapedia flows through a great deal of wild or Government land. On the Restigouche the club holds the great pool at the junction of the rivers and miles of best water above. Below the junction some pools which are said to be rich in salmon, whose size and agility are a continual joy, are held by the Mic Mac club.

Those who go down to the River Restigouche with nets have a sorry time this season, but the fly fishermen are jubilant over an average of two salmon daily to a rod. This is a remarkable change. The usual thing on a salmon river is the plaint that the nets are taking all the fish. But at present the market fishermen are complaining that the rods are taking the lion's share, although they should be aware what fly-fishing means in the way of material advantages to the country.

### LOVE'S PROTEST TO "LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY."

TO GEORGE MURRAY.

The poets ne'er can Time betray.  
When common clay to dust returns,  
The breathings of your soul away  
Shall live and move while light makes day:  
The ashes die, the fire still burns.  
You pluckt us treasures from afar,  
The close-furled bud 'mid leaves disposed  
The bloom, a careless breath might mar,  
With petals hanging on by love  
Around a golden heart exposed.  
Unspoiled and fresh from purer air,  
You bring incarnate light and dew  
To men pent close in stifling care  
'Neath narrow skies. What gift more rare  
Could win undying love for you?  
Never for you can come the day  
"When age no more is loved again,"  
Whilst each new day you charm away  
Old cares with thoughts or grave or gay;  
New love you win, the old retain.

Montreal.

K. A. C.

[We have much pleasure in publishing the "protest" which would be always protested so—of one gifted writer to another, on account of verses put forth in this journal last week. All of Mr. Murray's poems teem with thought and grace, and the translations with which he has favoured our first numbers have been noticed far and wide, even in print. Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]

## ON THE OTTAWA.

I.

TALBOT ROBINSON.

People who are kept harnessed to the "duty which lies nearest" must, when possible, seize the pleasure closest to hand. Therefore, as a slight relaxation, let us take the market boat and make the run up the Ottawa. This entails early rising—an effort requiring all the resolution and fortitude of a martyr. Many pretty things have been said and written as to the beauties of the morning, but the birthplace of their inspiration was never the town, surely. For there the spirit of the early hours greets you *en papillote*, with tired, sleep-bound eyes, and for the bravery of green tunic and rosy helmet, in which the young day sets forth to new achievements in the country, we see only the dingy garb of resumed toil. Our road, too, seems carefully to select a view of the seamy side of the garment: for, all the way to the canal basin, there is nothing to be seen but smoky factories and the backs of small houses, with the sordid paraphernalia that decent humanity generally crowds away into the rear.

However, here we are at the boat, and there is a goodly number of passengers going aboard,—a sufficient variety, too, to interest one who, without absolutely setting up for a student of human nature, still loves to watch the players for whom "all the world's a stage."

Some few fellow-passengers, like ourselves, are snatching a breathing spell away from the "meagre, stale, forbidding ways" of the city; but the majority are French farmers returning homeward, in various phases of elation and satisfaction, from the markets, where their brown hands have tendered the fruits and received the guerdon of pleasant industry. While the matronly partners of their toil indulge in *crêpe* and mourning to an alarming extent, as if it were an index to the rate of mortality, instead of being merely a tribute of respect to the respectability of black, the farmers themselves and the young men and maidens are gaily attired in the brightest hues of the rainbow. All appear in the highest spirits, and the break-fast bell, which sounds as soon as we leave the docks, is responded to with a hearty alacrity and a joking, jostling rush for places.

It does not do to be too fastidious on a market boat. Here is a farmer beside me; on his other hand sits an Englishman—one of the very sort that supplies transatlantic novelists with material for a *type*. Far be it from us to designate this particular individual under so comprehensive a *nom de guerre* as John Bull. There are Englishmen and Englishmen, and after that more again. Many of these gentlemen have displayed no tendency to conceal the discovery when they happen to alight on a specimen of another race or nation, whose idiosyncracies are sufficiently opposite and obnoxious to select as a *type*. To retaliate on this plan one need go no further than the everlasting "Arry," as representing in his vulgar person the whole British race. But no. Proceeding on the same lines with our mercantile policy, in pursuance of which our markets are left lean, scraggy, tough, that the best and fat of the land may be sent across to the old country in exchange for wares the most ingeniously adulterated and entirely out of demand, let us return good for evil, and recognize in our fellow traveller a higher genus of frequent transient occurrence in the colonies, and, say instead of the Gallican "X," we represent him by the symbol of "Talbot Robinson."

It is surely by some mistake he has taken the market boat. He treats the conversational overture of his fellow passenger with laconic disdain. We can see the jokes and sallies around the table bore and even pain him. Experience has taught of Talbot Robinson, it is quite necessary to preface any forcible hyperbole with "as Dickens says," and to father all original jokes by Sydney Smith. Otherwise, you will be met by a blank imperturbability as possibly vulgar, although he would be unwilling to risk his judgment as to even that. This Englishman is very particular to the brand of the wit he countenances. His wariness against the insertion of the tiniest wedge

of sociableness which could possibly serve as a lever in prosecuting an undesirable acquaintance strikes us with admiration and despair as, for us, unattainable.

The farmer at his side has asked him in vain to pass the dish of sausages; but *he* is not the waiter. The most effectual way to repress such insolence is to steadily ignore it. Farmer makes up his mind that this man is stone deaf, and, stretching his fork across, stabs it into the plump object of his desires. Unfortunately, the sausages have been fried without undergoing individualization, and so a chain of "linked sweetness long drawn out" dips in graceful curves along the table, dropping fatness between the points of transfer. The farmer, satisfied that at last his wishes should coerce denying fate, and unaccustomed to nice guaging in *avoirduois*, concentrates his attention on the goal, and is therefore quite unconscious of the disgust which so revolts his neighbour that he leaves the table amid the laughter of the rest of the company.

Montreal.

K. A. C.

## FADED VIOLETS.

I.

Do you remember these blossoms you tost me—  
Violets once, but now formless and grey—  
In those bright days when my heart was first lost me—  
That's what the sight of your loveliness cost me—  
Do you remember them, pray?

II.

No? Now, that's strange; I was sure you'd remember.  
Dear, think again: 'twas a midsummer night.  
Red shone the moon through the trees, as an ember  
Glowed through the grate bars in chilly December,  
Cheerily shedding its light.

III.

Over the arch of each lightly-clad shoulder  
Flowed your white wrap. You'd these flowers at your breast.  
Warm though the day was, the night had grown colder,  
Zephyrs had wakened and, in the dusk holder,  
Softly your tresses caressed.

IV.

Then I said something. Absurd? That's undoubted,  
Grudging the buds their unmerited bliss—  
Love reigns by starlight and caution is routed,  
Lips smile at words that by day would have pouted;—  
Starlight was given for this.

V.

Nothing you answered, but just as we parted,  
You in the doorway and I on the path,  
Shyly you tossed me the nosegay and darted,  
Into the house, while I stood, happy-hearted,  
I who had feared for your wrath.

VI.

Now you remember! What, nothing whatever!  
Love, and you ask—with the buds lying here—  
How I remember? Forget will I never.  
Why? Well, a tale, though at tales I'm not clever,  
Best makes my meaning appear.

VII.

Into the cleft of a cliff, thunder-riven,  
Where a stream gurgles o'er mosses and rocks,  
Chased by the sun, at day dawning are driven  
Out of the star-studded pastures of heaven,  
Night's silent, shadowy flocks.

VIII.

Here, with the spray of the stream in its chalice,  
Dwelt a shy blossom and swayed in the breeze.  
Beetles and ants through its pistillate palace  
Wandered at will, and beslimed it in malice,  
While stole its nectar the bees.

IX.

Ever the dun cliffs the daylight denied it;  
Only by shadows it knew of the sun;  
Darkly the streamlet flowed, moaning, beside it,  
(With but its yearning for ocean to guide it);  
Joy in that cleft there was none.

X.

Soon came a day in the life of the flower  
When slid the sun, like a bird, o'er the cleft,  
Flooded the blossom with light for an hour,  
Then passed away to his occident bower,  
Leaving the poor plant bereft.

XI.

Yet that short hour left remembrance behind it;  
Gaily the plant put forth blossoms anew,  
And, though the gap's awful walls still confined it,  
No more the clustering shadows could blind it,  
For the sun seemed to shine through.

XII.

Phœbus, light-bearer, forgot, or knew never,  
How glad he made a life bitterly drear.  
There, that's my tale. You can guess, if you're clever,  
Why in my bosom I carry forever  
Violets scentless and sore.

Valois.

ARTHUR WEIR.



Frank Hall, the noted English artist, is dead.

Sir Wm. Dawson is spending the summer at Little Metis.

Hon. Mr. Mowat intends to leave for home on the 16th of August.

Although 82 years of age, Cardinal Manning is strong and active.

M. Chevreuil, the French chemist, will be one hundred and two years old if he lives another month.

Our Canadian artist, Madame Albani, will visit her native country next winter, spending several weeks with us.

Henri Rochefort has a delicate face, with fine hewn features, white hair, moustache and imperial and heavily-lidded eyes.

Mr. Blake has returned from Europe and stopped at Murray Bay, where he will spend the rest of the holiday season.

Durham University has conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon the bishops of Fredericton and Rupert's Island.

There will be general satisfaction to learn that Hon. John Henry Pope has recovered his health, and returned to his official duties.

Major-General Cameron left Liverpool by the steamship *Sarmatian*, to assume his duties as commandant of the Royal Military College, Kingston.

H. M. S. Canada, on which the sons of the Prince of Wales visited the city two years ago, is under orders for the St. Lawrence this year.

Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, who spent the hot weather at the Capital, representing the Government, will take a trip to the Northwest and British Columbia.

Sir John Macdonald is a good neighbour down at Rivière du Loup. Spite of much official work during the day, the farmers get a glimpse of him and like his ways.

The Duchess of Marlborough has astonished London society by her beauty and style. She has become popular at a bound, for she has true American tact, and her manners are as charming as her face is handsome.

President Cleveland has returned to Washington from his fishing vacation. One hundred and thirty blue fish were taken by the party in two days off Fire Island, of which a fair average were hooked by the President.

Mr. J. G. Ascher, of the Montreal Chess club, has returned from St. John, N.B. While there he played with six of their strongest players simultaneously, winning four games, and afterward won a game against the whole club.

Lieut.-Col. Maunsell, D.A.G., commander of the Fredericton Military School, has telegraphed to the Militia Department at Ottawa offering the services of the school for Skeena river, and also offering to raise a provincial battalion for the same service.

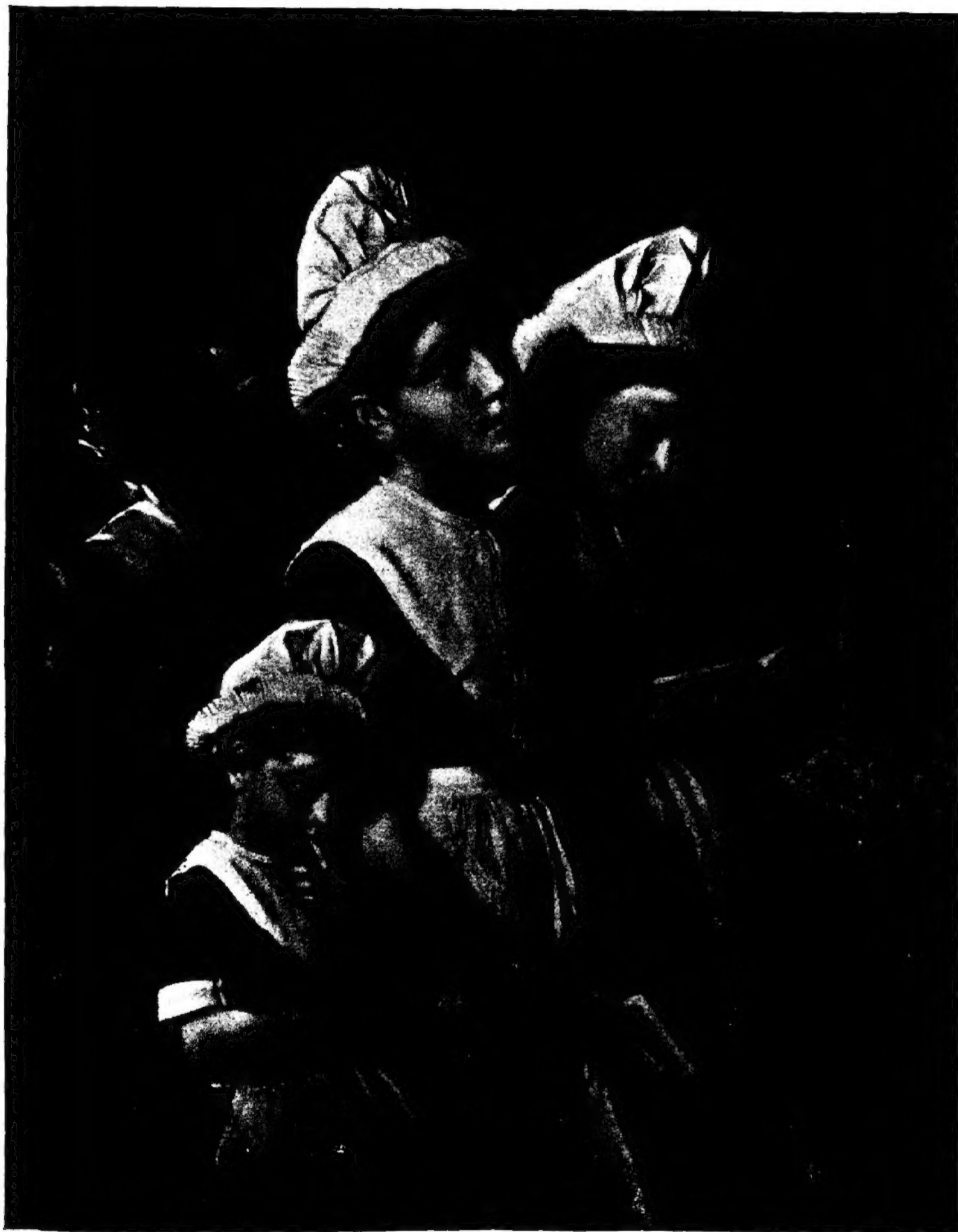
The statement that the condition of the unfortunate Empress Charlotte "has become quite hopeless," and that "she is rapidly sinking," is pure fiction, for the Empress, who is at a royal chateau near Brussels, is in precisely the same condition that she has been in for twenty years past. Her physical health is tolerably good, and she seems likely to live for many years. The Empress Charlotte is now 48.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—Great care, says W. E. Curtis, in a recent book on Spanish-American capitals, has been taken to preserve the relics of Alexander Selkirk's stay upon the island, and his cave and huts remain just as he left them. In 1868 the officers of the British man-of-war *Topaz* erected a marble tablet to mark the famous outlook from which "Robinson Crusoe," like the ancient mariner, used to watch for a sail, "and yet no sail from day to day." The inscription reads: "In memory of Alexander Selkirk, mariner, a native of Largo, county of Fife, Scotland, who lived upon this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the Cinque Ports galley, ninety-six tons, sixteen guns, A. D. 1704 and was taken off in the Duke, privateer, on February 12th, 1709. He died Lieutenant of H. B. M. S. Weymouth, aged 47 years. This tablet is erected upon Selkirk's lookout by Commodore Powell and the officers of H. B. M. S. *Topaz*, A. D. 1868." No one ever goes to Juan Fernandez without bringing away rocks and sticks as relics of the place. There is a very fine sort of wood peculiar to the island which makes beautiful canes, as it has a rare grain and polish as well.



THE HON. HONORÉ MERCIER, PREMIER OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

By courtesy of the publishers of "LA PATRIE."



FOUNDLING GIRLS.

From the painting by Mrs. Anderson.

Photograph supplied by Alex. S. Macrae & Son, Toronto, Directors for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

## IN PACE.

A LEGEND OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY JOHN TALON-LESPEANCE.

### I.

"Good morrow, Quintus; thou art up betimes!"  
"Aye, it is a great holiday, my friend. I have risen, like a loyal Roman, to take my stand beside the Capitol, and see the Imperial pageant. The Emperor and his train halted for the night in the plain beyond. His reception will be magnificent."

"Yes, Quintus, and well deserved. *To triumphe*, say I. But what have we here?"

The two friends looked up to a large scroll hung on one of the pillars of the Imperial building.

"*Divus Marcus Antoninus Aurelius Imperator!* Why, a new decree against the Christians, I declare."

"The Emperor wishes to grace his triumph by other captives than those taken in Illyria and Thrace, I ween."

"An *aureus* is awarded for every Christian man, woman or child, that shall be seized and sentenced. Merry sport this, eh, my Lentulus? What say you for a hunt after Christian flesh till the trumpets herald the steep ascent of the Capitoline?"

"Agreed, Quintus. An *aureus* is no small matter in these war times, and may serve a poor fellow a good turn in quaffing draughts of Chio or native Falernian to the honour of our Divine Emperor. *O Bacche, quo me rapis?*"

And the two friends locked arms and sauntered down the street.

### II.

The morning light was tipping the crests of the Seven Hills. Imperial Rome was still asleep. Silence reigned in her gardens and public places. Her thoroughfares were deserted.

Lentulus and Quintus walked along the square, when, suddenly, across their path a hooded figure glided and went into a by-street.

"Look, Quintus, at the slender girl! Did you see her face?"

"No, Lentulus, it is too heavily veiled."

"What a lovely form. She *must* be beautiful."

"Who is she and what doing, alone and at such an hour?"

"A daughter of the people, belike, on some household errand."

"Nay, no plebeian she, Lentulus. Look at the jewelled sandal, half hidden under her stole."

"Perhaps a waif of the Suburra."

"Ah, no; too modest and demure."

"Who then?—Let us follow."

"Ha, ha! I have it—'tis Euphrosyné, the pride of Consular Vossii, a Christian, and hieing to Christian rites. The *aureus* is mine!" hissed Quintus to his friend, and, darting from his side, hurried down the street. The hooded figure turned around a corner, and he followed. As for Lentulus, he seemed stunned at what he had heard, and walked away in another direction, shaking his head doubtfully.

The sunset was gilding the tops of the Seven Hills. Rome was awaking from her slumbers. Her avenues were filling with the *plebs*, and, out on the Campagna, resounded the bray of trumpets from the camp of the Divine Emperor.

### III.

The tapers on the altar were lighted, and a few vases of flowers set around the tabernacle of the Lord. A troop of virgins knelt about the holy table. The door of the chapel opened, and the venerable Pacificus entered, accompanied by white-robed acolytes. He performed the sacred mysteries, blessed his little flock, and, when about partaking with them of the Host and the Chalice, thus spoke in a low and impressive tone:

"Let us thank the Master, my daughters, that once more He has strengthened us with His Sacraments. The day of tribulation is at hand; the decree of persecution has been published, and this may be the last time we shall meet upon earth. Eat ye, therefore, the bread of the strong, and drink of the cup of salvation. Put your trust in the crucified spouse of your hearts,

and, whatever may betide, keep your souls in His peace. *'In pace servabitur animas vestras.'*"

He said these words and administered the sacred rite.

The lights on the altar were extinguished; the flowers removed from their vessels; the incense had melted away, and the band of virgins had glided out of the house of prayer. Only the venerable Pacificus remained, bowed before the shrine. Suddenly he felt the hem of his garment gently touched, and a hooded figure stood beside him. The old priest smiled paternally, as he recognized one of his little flock who had just partaken of the mysteries.

"What wouldst thou have, my daughter?"

"I would make an offering to my spouse before I go, for I feel, father, that I am about to depart, never to return."

The pastor looked up to heaven, as though he understood the meaning of the girl's presentiment.

"See in the picture yonder," said she, "how the Saviour sits by the well, on the hills of Samaria, weary and footsore. I would give Him these jewelled sandals wherewithal to go his ways more lightly."

And, stooping, she slipped them from her feet, and set them before the holy picture.

"God bless thee, daughter!" whispered the priest, benignly; "and now go in peace. *Vade in pace.*"

A loud knock at the door, a shuffling of feet in the lobby, a violent crash, and, through the broken portal, there rushed a stalwart man.

"Aye, aye, 'tis she! I recognize those sandals," he cried, and darted up the aisle into the chancel. "Down with thee, old dotard!" he exclaimed, as he grasped the aged priest by his long white beard and dragged him to the pave. Then, laying his hand on the shoulder of the girl.

"Come with me, pretty Christian. Come, Euphrosyné," said he, with a look of sensual scorn.

And Quintus led forth Euphrosyné out into the city, barefoot, on the stony streets.

### IV.

Euphrosyné, the daughter of Vossius, stood alone in her high prison cell.

Leaning her white arms on the iron bars, she looked down upon the great city, arrayed in its holiday attire. She saw its marble columns and decorated fountains; the palaces of its senators and the temples of its gods; the triumphal arches, wreathed with flowers, and the wide streets lined with emblematic bays, in honour of its Emperor.

Euphrosyné mused! She, the offspring of a noble Roman house, illustrious for their deeds in mail and toga; descendant, too, by her mother, of Attic heroes; of him who, in the ancient days, hurled the tyrant from his throne—Aristogeiton, whose avenging blade a grateful people twined with sprigs of myrtle. She, a hopeless captive now, soon to be the bye-word of the populace, the disgrace of her family, the food of wild beasts. She raised her eyes to heaven, now radiant with the sunshine, and prayed—prayed to the Crucified for comfort in her loneliness, courage in her pain, and perseverance in her struggle on the sands of the amphitheatre.

"O," she sweetly moaned, "through it all may I keep my soul in peace. *In pace, in idipsum.*"

Footfalls are heard along the narrow lobby. The door of her cell is opened and her aged father walks forth to meet her. An ancient Roman he, but the tall form is bent, the proud step falters, and the great massive face is shrouded in sorrow. Thou hast come upon a hopeless errand, O Conscripser Father! Thy will, unused to yield, will be gently but firmly met, and not all thy power and consular authority will obtain what this weak child cannot and will not grant. Give up her faith and desert the service of her Lord? Oh! not by thy venerable white hairs, nor by the memory of a buried mother wilt thou compass that. Renounce the troth of her spiritual bridal? Never! The daughter wept in her father's arms. And when he arose to depart, did he curse her in his stoicism, as a Brutus or a Cato would have done? No, but kissing her on the forehead, he said:

"I, too, am a Christian!"

### V.

One trial never comes alone. Scarcely had Vossius left the cell of his daughter than another visitor intruded himself upon the privacy of the persecuted girl. He was muffled in a war-cloak, but she recognized in him the dastard Roman who had, that morning, seized her and led her to the gaol. She turned her calm, blue eyes upon his face, and Quintus could not withstand the look. There was no reproach, no hate, no revenge therein, but it smote him as if these three fastened full upon him. She stood in the embrasure of the window; he, with body half turned, withdrew a little to the shadow of the wall.

"Euphrosyné," said he, at length, with hesitation.

The child lowered her eyes and listened.

"Knowest thou me?"

"I do, O Quintus," she murmured, softly.

"As thy persecutor?"

"Nay, as my benefactor," with a sweet smile.

"No, no! I have wronged thee grievously, and I would repair the mischief."

"There is no need, O Quintus!"

"I would rescue thee from thy doom, thou beautiful. There is one means—accept my troth, and thou art free."

She smiled with a melancholy air, and said:

"My heart is plighted, Quintus."

"To whom?"

She pointed above.

O! she was divinely fair, as she stood there, half turned to the light, her lovely eyes fixed brightly on heaven through the prison bars, and her white hands folded in prayer on her bosom. A feeling of awe fell upon Quintus, as he gazed on the ecstatic, transfigured girl, and he stole silently from the cell, leaving her in rapture. As he crept along the lobby, he stopped a moment and, striking his forehead with his hand, exclaimed:—

"I, too, am a Christian!"

### VI.

The sun had not reached his noon on the same eventful day, when Euphrosyné had been duly questioned and condemned. There is no need to rehearse the details of this scene, common to most martyrs. It is enough to say that the weak, shrinking child faced the judges with unflinching heart, preferring death to apostasy. The strength and resolution of the Martyr of Calvary poured into the hearts of twelve millions of Christian athletes, in presence of the wheel and the faggot, the sword and the cauldron, inspired Euphrosyné in the supreme hour of her trial, and spurning at her feet titles, rank, wealth and happiness—renouncing by an heroic effort the ties of home and family—she chose her Lord and Him crucified as her portion for evermore. Aye, and thou hast chosen the better part, O daughter of consuls, which shall never be taken from thee.

All eyes were fastened upon the angelic girl, and a murmur of pity rang through the crowd when the sentence of death was pronounced against her. Eager as they all were for the ghastly shows of the circus, and athirst for Christian blood, they felt compassion for this tender victim, and with the old instinctive Roman respect for aristocracy, still rife in those degenerate times, grieved that an *ingenua*, a high-born child of fortune, should perish in the indiscriminate slaughter of "Christian dogs."

They led her forth from the Praetor's hall to the amphitheatre, where fifty thousand enlightened Quirites were to attend the games, decreed, as a part of his triumph, by their Divine Emperor.

### VII.

The immense colosseum was densely filled. Tier upon tier of Roman patricians, knights and plebeians sat expectant of their favourite spectacle. High above them, on his ivory throne with golden bosses, towered their imperial master, Marcus Antoninus Aurelius. Joy beamed on every countenance, for it was a day of national rejoicing and were not those hated Christians to be delivered to the beasts?

Suddenly the trumpet sounds! Every eye is turned toward the tent where the victims of the show are kept. The curtain is drawn and the

games begin. One by one, or in pairs, the Christian heroes come and, from the fang of lion and tiger, meet the blessed death of Christ's own martyrs. The sight of blood and the eagerness of the combat, instead of sating, only sharpened the morbid curiosity of that vile rabble, and when Euphrosyné at length stood forth, there was a frenzy of excitement. They shouted, they applauded; some rose to their feet, and others bent forward as if loth to lose any part of the scene.

Calm and beautiful she stood on the sand in the midst of the ring. Unconscious of the crowd around her; her eyes turned to heaven: her hands crossed upon her heart; her feet scarce touching the ground, she seemed, in her seraphic rapture, about to soar from earth. Strange feelings smote many a pagan heart that day, and new light poured in upon the darkness of their minds at the ravishing spectacle. The cage doors swing on their hinges, and a wild cow leaps into the arena. Her jaws are dripping with foam; her eye is on fire; she switches her tail; paws up the red sand, and bellows fiercely till, at length, catching sight of her victim, she bends her head forward and rushes madly upon her. Lo! a great stir is heard in an adjoining gallery. A man springs forward therefrom, crying:

"Euphrosyné, let me die with thee! I, too, am a Christian!"

The savage brute tosses them in the air with a furious lurch. They fall heavily—Euphrosyné clasped in the arms of Quintus—both dead!

(O Soteiron, accept the sacrifice!

#### VIII.

The day is ended. Darkness falls on the Seven Hills. Rome, intoxicated with pleasure and excitement, has sunk to sleep again. Sleep on, O Imperial City, inhuman in thy pride, but they will watch who fear thee not, nor thy Numidian lions, nor Hyrcanian tigers! Grave and low, mellowed by the distance, comes from deeps beneath the earth the chaunt of human voices, and tapers cast their yellow light on the moist walls of the hidden tombs. The white robes of youthful acolytes flash along the way, and the metal censers gleam. The venerable Pacificus blesses the new-made graves and, kneeling, prays to her whom he had called his daughter, as well as to him who had repaid his treachery by Christian martyrdom. An old man kneels beside him, with a calm, gentle face, his hands resting on the damp wall, and his lips moving inarticulately. It is Vossius, now a Christian father, who asks of his martyr child to obtain for him the priceless grace of perseverance in the faith. The procession withdraws; the lights grow dim—then fade. Stillness broods over those lonely cells, but Vossius tarries yet and, with a sharp stylus, engraves upon the tomb:

"EUPHROSYNÉ,

IN PACE."

#### BARBAROSSA.

THE GERMAN LEGEND OF REDBEARD.

TRANSLATED FROM RÜCKERT.

The ancient Barbarossa, the Kaiser Frederick,  
Lies spell-bound 'neath the earth, in a castle damp and bleak.

He is not dead but liveth, tho' he stirs not, night nor day,  
For sleep has set her signet on his lashes long and grey.

He ruleth there as sternly as in his lordliest prime,  
And will return among us in his own good time.

The chair is ivory-mounted which the Kaiser sitteth in;  
The table is of marble whereon he rests his chin.

His beard, no longer flaxen, hath turned to fiery red,  
And through the table groweth whereon he leans his head.

In dreams his brow he noddeth, and his eye, half open, blinks,  
And through the long-drawn cavern ever at his pigmy winks.

In sleep he tells the pigmy, "Go, look abroad if still  
Thou seest, O dwarf, the ravens loud fluttering on the hill.

For if the ancient ravens still hover darkling there,  
Then must I slumber spell-bound 'till for a hundred year."

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

### QUAINT FANCIES AND RHYMES.

BY A COLLECTOR.

#### VI.

##### THE RONDEL.

The Roundel is another form for the Rondeau. Swinburne has given it the right of citizenship in English letters by his book, "A Century of Roundels," seemingly drawing both his prosody and much of his inspiration from Marot and Villon. The lines vary from four to sixteen syllables, but are generally identical in length in the same roundel. Gleeson White does not seem to take kindly to this variety of metre, calling it merely an "experiment in rhythm," although admitting that it will be recognized in English verse, and he is unwilling to trace it back to the early French poets.

We may notice here the Rondelet, a diminutive of the Rondel, of which this is an example, from Boulmier:—

François Villon  
Sur tous rithmeurs, à qui qu'en poise,  
François Villon  
Du mieulx disant eut le guerdon,  
Né de Paris empres Pontoise,  
Il ne feict oncq vers à la toise,  
François Villon.

The Rondelet is a seven-line stanza, with four eight-syllable lines, and three of four syllables on two rhymes.

It is Algernon Charles Swinburne himself who will give us a description of this form of verse:—

A roundel is wrought as a ring or a starbright sphere,  
With craft of delight and with cunning of sound unsought,  
That the heart of the hearer may smile if to pleasure his ear

A roundel is wrought.

Its jewel of music is carven of all or of aught,  
Love, laughter or mourning—remembrance of rapture or fear—

That fancy may fashion to hang in the ear of thought.  
As a bird's quick song runs round, and the hearts in us hear—  
Pause answers to pause, and again the same strain caught,  
So moves the device whence, round as a pearl or a tear,  
A roundel is wrought.

Charles Taylor's "Nothing so Sweet" fully bears out the title of these papers, as an instance of quaint fancy and rhyme. Putting the sweetness of death above all other sweets is odd, and yet full of philosophical and theological fitness.

Nothing so sweet in all the world there is  
Than this—to stand apart in Love's retreat  
And gaze at Love. There is as that, Ywis,  
Nothing so sweet.

Yet surely God hath placed before our feet  
Some sweeter sweetness and completer bliss,  
And something that shall prove more truly meet.

Soothly I know not:—when the live lips kiss  
There is no more that our prayers shall entreat,  
Save only Death. Perhaps there is as this  
Nothing so sweet.

The following, by Samuel Waddington, is cast somewhat in the same strain, which it does one good to read slowly and with half-closed eyes:—

MORS ET VITA.

We know not yet what life shall be,  
What shore beyond earth's shore he set,  
What grief awaits us, or what glee;  
We know not yet.

Still, somewhere in sweet converse met,  
Old friends, we say, beyond death's sea  
Shall meet and greet us, nor forget

Those days of yore, those days when we  
Were loved and true,—but will death let  
Our eyes the longed-for vision see?  
We know not yet.

We shall close with an example of Rondels of Childhood, taken from Bernard Weller:—

When Clarice died, and it was told to me,  
I only covered up my face and sighed  
To lose the world and cease to breathe or see,  
When Clarice died.

She was my playmate, sweet, and thoughtful-eyed,  
With curls, gold curls, that fluttered wild and free;  
My child companion and most tender guide.

When Clarice died I wandered wearily  
Down the mute grove where she was wont to hide,  
And cast myself beneath her favourite tree,  
When Clarice died.

### LITERARY NOTES.

William Henry Bishop, the novelist, has gone to Europe for the summer.

The Quebec Press Association are going to Paris on their annual excursion.

Faucher de Saint-Maurice heads the delegation of French-Canadian pressmen to France.

Mr. Gladstone gave to a poor church the sum received for his recent contributions to *The Nineteenth Century*.

W. H. Fuller, of Ottawa, has written an exquisite burlesque on "Seranus" last Villanelle, on the jonquil.

Dr. Daniel Wilson has accepted the knighthood, for the sake of Toronto University, of which he is President.

M. Ernest Renan is fond of the ladies, and never so happy as when he is discussing Bible legends and oriental extravaganzas between two pretty and plastic Parisiennes.

A new writer has bulled at Ottawa, by the name of Wilfrid Chateaucclair. His story is "The Young Seigneur," which will be noticed in these columns next week.

James Russell Lowell suffers severely from gout, but obstinately refuses to comply with his physician's instructions. He has joined the committee in charge of the commemoration of the bi-centenary of Alexander Pope.

A correspondent informs the editor that at the late celebration of Lundy's Lane, Dr. Ferguson, M.P., delivered one of the best speeches which could be given on such a theme. Unfortunately, it was not reported; only summarized.

Wm. Kirby, of Niagara, F.R.S.C., and author of the "Chien d'Or," has just published the last of his "Canadian Idyls," which are so racy of the soil. The series would make a sizeable volume which, it is to be hoped, the author will be induced to publish.

The late Dr. James Freeman Clarke's daughter, Miss Lillian, is at work on a portrait of her father, modelled after a picture of him sketched some years ago by the late William M. Hunt. She was one of Hunt's pupils.

Dr. Bourinot, of Ottawa, has in contemplation the writing of a comprehensive history of Canada, which would be a most valuable acquisition to Canadian literature, as there really exists no history in English which can be regarded as comprehensive.

In the library of Dr. Williams, of London, is a copy of the Bible in shorthand. It is exquisitely written, and is said to have belonged to an apprentice at the time of James II., who feared that the Bible was about to be prohibited, and so wrote this copy.

A magnificent quarto, describing the Province of Quebec pictorially and with letter press, has just been issued by Belden Bros., of Toronto. It is a reprint from "Picturesque Canada," with engravings by the best artists. The literary part is also from good hands, the Montreal portion being due to the pen of Mr. John Talon-Lesperance.

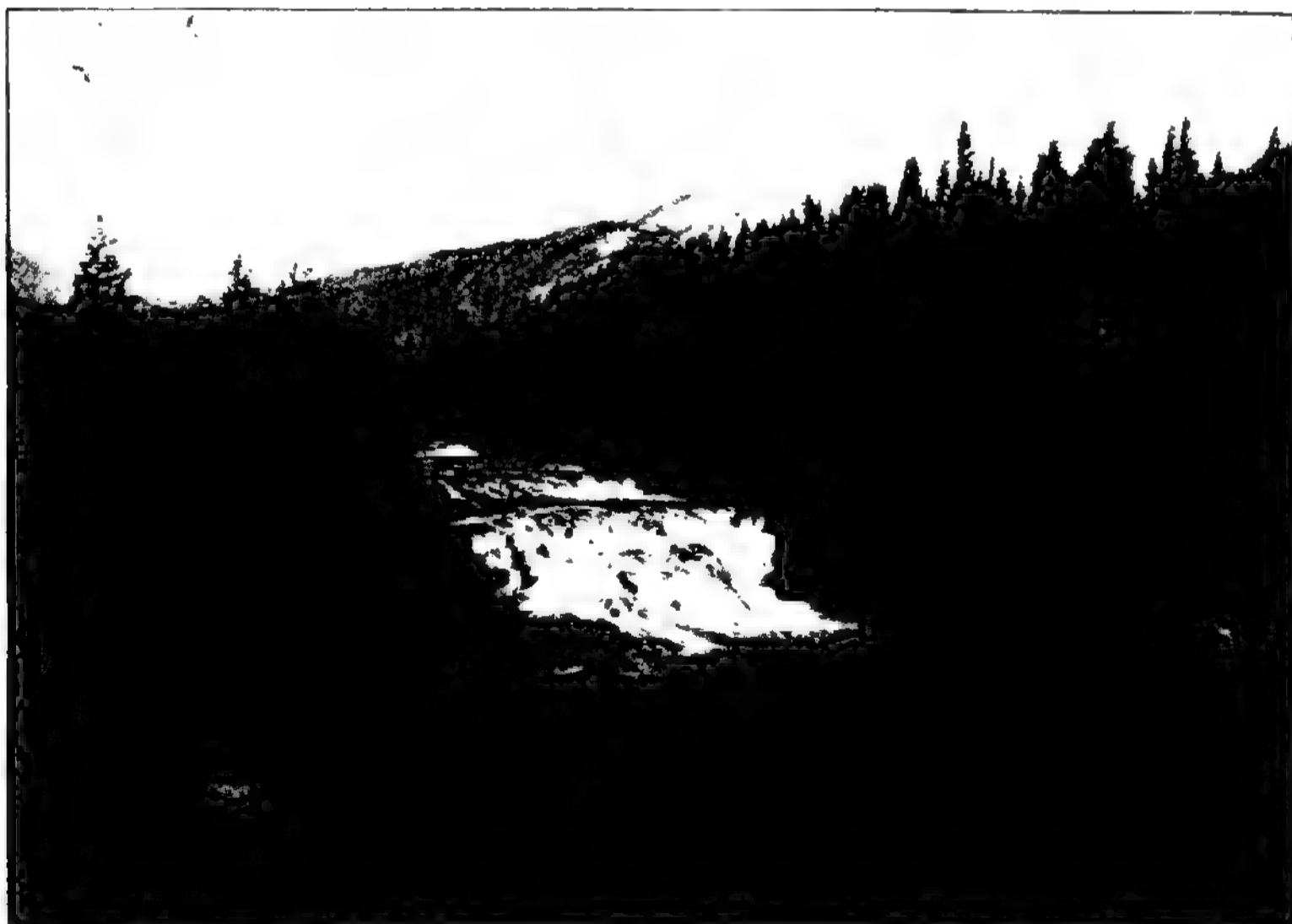
A HOUSE WITH A HISTORY.—If any American with lots of money wishes to buy a house with armour, stained-glass windows, an interesting history, fine estate and ancestors planted in every direction, there is a fine opportunity offering. Denizens' castle, the dowerhouse of the Queen of England, is shortly to be sold at auction. The castle dates from the eleventh century. Its battlements, towers, painted windows, oratory, and genuine, undeniable ghost, are all in perfect preservation and working order. The Queens of England, from Matilda down, have lived there, and the old rooms have witnessed much intriguing, and much that is interesting in English history. The place, like all other estates now sold in England, will probably go at a very low figure, despite the special interest attaching to it.

A ROYAL MARRIAGE.—The marriage of the Duke of Aosta to Princess Lætitia Bonaparte will soon be celebrated. The Duke has received a special dispensation from the Pope, and has sent 100,000 francs to the Vatican to show his recognition. The Princess is beginning to receive presents from all over the world, and has had her photograph taken by Prince Naples. This Prince, who makes a speciality of photographing, is told that he is the best amateur photographer in Italy, and, being somewhat smitten with the Princess, wished to take her photograph before she should be lost to him forever. It is said that the wedding gifts to be presented by the Empress Eugénie to the Princess will include a very celebrated fan which the Prince Imperial, who was killed by the Zulus, gave to his mother on her birthday in 1876. On this fan is the first drawing which the Prince Imperial made, surrounded with precious stones costing over \$100,000.



HON. E. DEWDNEY, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

From a photograph by Topley



FALLS OF THE BOW RIVER, NEAR BANFF.

From a photograph by Notman



THE PRETTY WASHERWOMAN.

From the painting by Eug. Blass.

## ALLAN AARON EDSON, R.C.A.

"Heaven gives its favourites early death."

—BYRON.

The late eminent Canadian landscape painter, and one of the founders of the Royal Canadian Academy, was a native of Stanbridge, Que., where he first saw the light of day on the 18th of December, 1846. He was of American parentage, his father and mother having come from New Hampshire, and were early settlers of the above-named place. Allan was early sent to school, and was considered a very bright and intelligent boy. These first happy days were spent under the careful tuition of Mr. Hobart Butler, M.A., who was the principal of the Stanbridge Academy, and who has ever since evinced great interest in his distinguished pupil. In 1858 Edson left this academy and studied three years at Vercheres College, graduating with a good commercial education. Among some of his early schoolmates, who have since made their mark in this province, we may mention the Hon. W. W. Lynch, formerly Commissioner of Crown Lands of the Provincial Government, and now a leading Queen's counsel of this city, who, in reply to our request for a few words in connection with the subject of this sketch, very kindly writes: "I knew the late Allan Edson well when I was a lad. I entered Stanbridge Academy in 1858, where he was a student. Edson was an intelligent, bright and interesting boy. He early displayed a taste for drawing, and the school books of all his chums contain specimens of his work. He was an apt scholar, but did not care to go through a university course, although his teacher was anxious that he should do so."

Mr. Hobart Butler, M.A., principal of the Stanbridge Academy, in reply to a note sent him, says:—

"Edson began school with me at the Stanbridge Academy in September, 1857. He continued with me some four or five years, in which time he became advanced in the higher mathematics; very well versed in Latin (he read Virgil and Sallust with me). He was a very good French scholar, and also made considerable advance in Greek. It was the intention to prepare his education for the Arts Department. On his father's removal to Montreal, his thoughts became directed into another channel—painting. His school days, at my academy, were contemporaneous with those of the Hon. W. W. Lynch, the Rexfords, Meigses, Chandlers, Blinns, &c. He stood well as a scholar, and was very highly esteemed for his amiable qualities."

The late Mr. John C. Baker, of Stanbridge, a gentleman of means, and who was a great lover of art, and particularly of landscape painting, soon discovered the existence of latent artistic talent in the young man, and financially encouraged him to devote his energies to its development. "In common with the host of Edson's admirers in Canada, I feel that in his death Canadian art has lost one of its best, if not its best, landscape painter." These are good, kind words.

Mr. A. A. Ayer, the wholesale produce merchant, of this city, was another of his early school fellows.

About 1861 the family took up their permanent residence in this city, where we first find Allan cashier in the employ of the late Mr. James Morrison, a dry goods merchant on Notre Dame street. Not liking the retail trade, he left to engage with the late Mr. James B. Stevenson, on St. Helen street. It was while in this latter situation that he showed a strong predilection for art, continually sketching or drawing some little thing on the paper wrappers of nearly every parcel sent out by the firm. About this time it seemed to dawn upon him and his family that his future life was not to be of a commercial cast, but as a disciple of art; and the thought seized him he must save his "bawbees" to visit Europe with a view of studying.

His leisure hours in the evening were spent in an old attic, drawing and painting and in every way practising his favourite future calling. The income being limited, induced him to make another

move and engage with an exchange broker, who soon after ran away. After his flight it was discovered he left Allan a small box of farthings. These, exchanged with some other accumulated savings, enabled him to take his long wished for first trip across the Atlantic to the old world.

Shortly after his arrival we find him hard at work, as the following copy from a printed card will show:—

NATIONAL GALLERY, London.

Admit Mr. Allan Edson to study in the gallery, from 10 till 5 o'clock on Thursdays and Fridays, at Trafalgar square, and on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at South Kensington.

R. K. WORKMAN,

No. 4020.

Keeper and Secretary.

He was about eighteen when he first visited the old world, and after a stay of two years returned home. His second visit was of about twelve months' duration, all this time making rapid progress, and on this occasion bringing back, for the first time, a number of pictures, which, from their careful manner of execution, found a ready sale. Thus encouraged and anxious, it was not long before he made a third visit, spending his time principally in England and Scotland. An independent and wealthy gentleman—a true lover of art—of this city, in giving Edson a note of introduction to a celebrated *confrère* in London, on his last visit abroad, wrote: "In faithfully representing our Canadian forest scenery, either in its summer or its winter aspect, it is acknowledged he surpasses all native artists." He had resided five years in France, there passing the most of his latter days, part of which time he was a scholar of the celebrated Leon J. Pelouse, at Cerny-la-ville, with whom he was on the most intimate terms of friendship, this famous landscape artist considering Edson his favourite pupil, and saying the day was not far distant when he (Edson) would no doubt be made a Chevalier d'Honneur.

We believe we are justified in stating he had no superior as a truthful landscape painter. Edson was a man who never said much about his own work; he was always anxious for fair, honest and intelligent criticism, and would generally say afterward, "I wish I could do it a hundred times better." An honest opinion, which must be highly valued, is that of Mr. Wm. Scott, the fine art connoisseur, of this city, who says: "I regard Allan Edson as the best landscape artist that Canada has yet produced. His keen insight into nature and his great power of handling and depicting the same as he saw it, with his knowledge and play of colour, were of the highest order. It is the opinion of good judges, had he lived and further cultivated his inherent genius, he would have taken rank among the leading artists of the world."

His pictures are held in high esteem all over the globe. The late Judge Robert Mackay, President of the Montreal Art Association, was one of those who early encouraged him to persevere, and was always a warm personal friend. He was honoured by the Princess Louise, who bought two of his works—for the Queen—which are now in Windsor Castle. Mr. R. B. Angus, President of our Art Association, an exceedingly liberal patron of the fine arts; Sir D. A. Smith, Mr. Andrew Allan, Sir G. Stephen, Messrs. J. Hickson, J. R. Wilson, W. C. Van Horne, G. A. Drummond, W. H. Davis, Miss Duncan, S. Coulson, and some others of this city, whom we cannot call to mind, own some of his best works.

His water colours were always eagerly sought for, and were generally noted for their cheery, warm tone, rich in our truly typical, grand, Canadian golden sunsets.

It is sad to think he was not spared to leave on canvas some of the glories of our great Northwest and wild Rocky Mountain scenery.

The following are a few of his works: "A Study of a Canadian Landscape," Salon, Paris, 1882; "Bolton Forest," Salon, Paris, 1882; "A Grey Day," Salon, Paris, 1883; "In February," Salon, Paris, 1883; "A Foggy Day, Cernay," Salon, Paris, 1883; "Un Petit Coin aux Vaux, pres Cernay," Salon, Paris, 1884; "Habitants Crossing the St. Lawrence," Royal Academy, London, 1886; "Settlers' Huts," Institute of Water Colours,

London, 1886; "On the Line," Centennial Exhibition, 1876; and many others we might enumerate.

He had been a constant exhibitor at the Versailles gallery during the last few years.

The Royal Canadian Academy exhibitions, held every year, found him well represented.

The Ontario Society of Arts at Toronto annually saw him display some of his best works.

He loved the art atmosphere of France, for the hearty greeting and warm welcome from its true art students and devotees; but he loved his own "Canada First." His friends at all times found him a most unassuming, genial, warm-hearted companion, and simple in manners.

In appearance he was of medium height, though rather thick-set; clean-shaved, ruddy complexion, regular features, fair hair, with mild blue eyes. Phrenologically speaking, he had a large, round, full head.

The recent sale of his last works, in oil and water colours, numbering 100, showed a very kindly appreciation of his last efforts, realizing, as it did, over \$5,000, and, if we mistake not, the highest figures ever obtained at one afternoon's sale of works painted by a Canadian artist.

The subject of this sketch died at Glen Sutton, Que., on the 1st of May of the present year, of pneumonia, after an illness of only a few weeks' duration. He was first taken ill in February last, and was recovering his strength, when, in opposition to the wishes of his doctor, he ventured from his home and finished his last work, "The Frozen Cascade," now owned by Mr. W. H. Davis. From this exposure he suffered a relapse, from which he never rallied, recalling the early fate of H. Kirk White.

"Nursing the pinion that impelled the steel."

Mr. Edson was married in this city in 1871 to Miss Mary Stewart, who survives him with a family of four sons, the oldest being 16 and the youngest 9 years of age. He died at the early age of 42, deeply lamented by his brother artists and by a large circle of acquaintances in Europe, the United States and Canada.

"Lacledé," or Mr. John Talon-Lesperance, suggested to us shortly after his death, an excellent idea—the gathering of his best works obtainable, in some of the leading towns in the Eastern Townships—say, Sherbrooke.

Montreal, July, 1888.

JOHN HORN.



The rumour that Sarah Bernhardt contemplates playing Romeo is true.

Bartley Campbell, one of the few successful American playwrights, has just died in Connecticut.

Johann Strauss has given up writing waltzes and will hereafter devote himself to composing grand operas.

A blind guitarist named Moujon, from Spain, is creating a stir in the musical world by his exceptional performances.

Frederick C. Phillips, author of "As in a Looking Glass," has been by turns cavalry-man, barrister, theatre manager, and newspaper man.

Edmund Burke once told Garrick that all bitter things were hot. "Indeed," said Garrick, "what do you think, Mr. Burke, of bitter cold weather?"

A Stradivarius violin of 1716, made for the Marchese Pamparati, has passed from the hands of an Italian player, Bertuzzi, into the possession of a London gentleman for \$4,000.

Another musical prodigy is a girl 10 years old, who plays the violin and interprets works of the greatest musicians in a way that arouses the wildest enthusiasm in Italy. Giulietta Dionesi, the girl in question, comes from a musical family of Leghorn.

Los Angeles, Cal., will have one of the finest theatres in the country. It is decorated in Oriental style, has twenty East India pagoda boxes, a conservatory filled with exotics and flowering shrubs and fountains, and an immense foyer. There are twenty one separate exits and twenty handsomely furnished dressing rooms. It is lighted throughout by electricity.



Mr. Beaugrand, ex-Mayor of Montreal and journalist, has published from the presses of *La Patrie*, which he owns, a neat volume containing three lectures, read by him before three different bodies, within the past two or three years. The subjects are: "From Montreal to Victoria;" "The Birth and History of the Newspaper," and "Anita," a sketch of love and adventure in the French expedition against Mexico, under Bazaine.\* It is needless to say that the author, with a skilled pen of many years' work, has done justice to the three several subjects which he treats. He pays a deserved tribute to the management of the Canadian Pacific Railway, admits the good which it has achieved and its future influence on the material development of the country, and, in a manly way, like Mr. Mackenzie before him, speaks well of an institution which he and his party fought against at almost every stage of its progress. The same spirit of fair play is displayed by M. Beaugrand in his account of the splendid growth of the French press, in Canada, within the past decade, where he accords a meed of praise to the journals of his adversaries. This "conference" is very full for the press of old France, as well, the author having drawn material from the fullest sources. But the best paper of the three is the last, where the lecturer appears in the light of a *diabolo colorado*; spurs through the lines for a tryst with a dark-eyed Anita; falls into the hands of the bandit *chinacos*; is brought before Trevino, who sends him to Santa Rosa, instead of hanging him by the ears upon a tree; is rescued in a skirmish, and reaches camp without having seen his dulcinea. The story is told with a sort of guerilla dash, and is tropical in its warmth. An English translation would doubtless be read with pleasure.

Not content with his valuable handbook, "Canada," published for the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of 1886, Mr. George Johnson, of Ottawa, has just put forth another book, called "Graphic Statistics,"† the fruit of special studies on the financial, commercial, industrial and other statistics of the country. The learned author chooses 1887 as a year marking the twentieth of Confederation, and whose statistics form a natural standard of comparison with the past. It will also be the year of comparison with the future. This book wants to be seen in order to be understood, but it is easily understood, and thus becomes true to its name of a graphic statistical record. It is one of those books of easy, quick and reliable reference, which the business man, first, then the public man and the several classes of the studious ought to have always at hand for reference, and there; nothing is forgotten. The tables are drawn up in graduated parallelograms, so as to inform the eye at a glance. The aggregate trade of Canada and the United States, for thirty-eight years; the assets, the banks, securities, coasting trade, deposits, excise, exports, fire and life insurance, fisheries, forests, furs, Government notes, imports, manufactures, money orders, savings banks, shipping, post offices, railways, stocks, steel and iron, customs, tobacco, transit trade, wheat exports, and a list of other material will be found fully tabulated. We most earnestly commend this book, on business and national grounds.

Although the name of Mr. James D. Edgar, M.P., has been connected with the poem of the White Canoe,‡ no less than with political campaigns and parliamentary life, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED takes an early opportunity of saying a word to its readers on the merits of this poem. The scene is meant to be Canadian, inasmuch as

the tribe of the Ottawas never wandered far from the valley which still bears their name. The legend is drawn from that vast storehouse, the monumental folios of Schoolcraft, and having been left untouched by Longfellow, Mr. Edgar felt free to use it, and this he has done in the swinging monotone of Hiawatha. It may be said at once that the imitation is well done, as a rule. The metre is by no means simple, as the author seems to intimate in his preface, and to save it from the dullness of prose requires an ear attuned to the music of the forest; the flow of the waters; the song of the wild-birds; the simmer of the sunset, and the stillness of midnight in the wilderness. The story is the search of Abeka for his love, the fair Wabose, with the euphony of whose name, we confess, we are not enamoured. He rose with the sun, one morning, followed by his hound, strapped on his snowshoes with thongs of deerskin, and walked on steadily till he reached a lofty terrace, where he is confronted by a vision of the dead Paw-guk, who comforts him by assuring him of his friendship.

Thus Abeka learned the secret  
Of those weird and mystic visions  
That had filled his mind with wonder—  
Hope and wonder, strangely blended.  
And he heard, with deep emotion,  
Why the White Dove hovered round him,  
In his fasts and in his vigils,  
Stirred his thoughts and shaped his fancies,  
Till she led him through the forest,  
Toward the land of Souls and Shadows.  
These things all were told Abeka  
By the Master of the Wigwam.

The second half of the poem is much the best, describing the scenery, delights, peace and happiness of the Island of the Blessed, where the lovers meet at last and roam together, and it should have given its name to the verses, instead of the White Canoe, which is only incidentally touched upon, as in this passage:

Floating on the crystal waters,  
A canoe of dazzling whiteness,  
Fashioned out of purest White Stone,  
Waited, ready for Abeka.

In this white stone canoe, accompanied by Wabose, in a similar one, he glided to the Isle of Souls and Shadows. The poem ends by the hero's summons back to his people in order to prepare them for a migration to the Happy Island, while Wabose stays behind to await his second coming.

Always young and always faithful.

We repeat that we are very much pleased with this poem. It is a distinct addition to our literature, and a book that one will like to take up, in certain moods, and read with a kind of dreamy enjoyment. It has caught the breath of that mysterious Indian mythology—whose vagueness suggests much of the charm of the ideal. The illustrations of the volume are six in number, but we hardly know what to think of them. It is plain enough that Mr. Blatchly's drawing is correct and appropriate to each scene—we specially like the fourth, or the vision of the dove, and not all the fifth, or the two white stone canoes—but there is something about their spread on the page which gives them a "washy" look.

THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF HER GRANDMOTHER.  
—A good deal of fun is being made in the newspapers of a rich old farmer up in the Connecticut valley, who in his 85th year has espoused a 15-year-old bride, and who gives the following account of the hereditary courtship which has at length resulted in this ill-assorted match:

"I knowed her grandmam' and wanted her, but she wouldn't see to it. She married my bitterest enemy and had a daughter. I courted that daughter when her folks wasn't round, but somehow they got wind of it and I was dished agin. She went and got married and had a daughter. Says I, 'Jonathan, you will marry this'n,' and settles down, glumlike, to wait for the youngster to grow up. Martha's folks watched me close, and I began to suspect I'd have to wait for the next family, when they died—all of them died—and Martha was left without no relatives; so I popped the question, and we were married."



Caller—Does Miss De Guzzle live here?  
Bridget—Yiss, sorr.  
Caller—Is she at home?  
Bridget (who has received her instructions and thinks she is following them)—Yiss, sor, she's at home, but she ain't in."

Benevolent stranger to tramp, who is earnestly scrutinizing the sidewalk—You seem to be in trouble, my friend; have you lost anything?

Tramp, pouncing on a "tin tag," and sadly releasing it—No, I hain't lost nothin'. Wot troubles me is that nobody else hasn't neither.

Customer—How is your brother doing, Isaacstein, who went to the old country a year or so ago?

Mr. Isaacstein—Ah, poor Abraham! he was blown oop by dynamite; dot vas pad.

Customer—You don't tell me. Were his remains found?  
Mr. Isaacstein (overcome)—My frent, not more as t-venty-five per cent. Dot vas awful.

MUCH BETTER.

"Jennie, dear, 'tis understood  
That you're engaged?"

"Oh, yes, dear Etti."

"Is he handsome?"

"Yes."

"That's good!"

"Is he wealthy?"

"Yes."

"That's better."

"I left the business long ago," said the ex-umpire, "but it seems to follow me still, even to my old home."

"How is that?" asked his auditor.

"Well, my son works in an iron mill and my daughter is a fine young lady. I go home at night and find my boy on a strike and my girl gone on balls and parties. Even my wife gives me chicken wings—foul tips, you know."

And the old umpire sighed.

The two men had occupied the same seat in a railway coach for half a day, and the train had reached its destination.

"I am indebted to you, sir, for an agreeable conversation that has relieved greatly the monotony of a long journey. May I ask your name?"

"Certainly. My name is Sullivan."

(Jocosely.) "Not Mr. Sullivan of Boston?"

"Yes, I reside in Boston."

"What! not—"

(Haughtily.) "No, sir; I am a college professor."

"Beg pardon. Permit me to introduce myself. My name is Crowley."

(Smilingly.) "Not Mr. Crowley of New York?"

"Yes, New York is my home."

"What! not—"

(Hotly.) "No, sir! I am the president of a bank, sir."

(Coldly.) "Good-day, sir!"

(Frigidly.) "Good-day!"

"Yes," said Uncle Rastus, "I've been takin' brain food fo' ter stimulate my mem'ry, an' it's wukin' fust rate."

"I hope it has worked sufficiently for you to remember, Uncle Rastus, that you have owed me seventy-five cents for over a year."

"Yes, sah; that was one ob de fust things I 'membered, an' jes' as I was gwine roun' fo' ter pay de money, I also 'membered that I wuddent have nuffin' lef' ter buy a codfish wif. Dat brain food, Mistah Smif, am er great discovery."

"Edward, why do I hear that you have disobeyed your grandmother, who told you not to jump down these steps?"

"Grandma didn't tell me not to, papa. She only came to the door and said: 'I wouldn't jump down these steps, boys.' And I shouldn't think she would—an old lady like her."

Joe, the coloured waiting man, came in early one morning to make a fire for Elisha Carr, a sort of evangelist, who was stopping with Joe's master. It was cold and the ground covered with snow.

"Have you got any religion yet?" asked Mr. Carr.

"No, sir."

"Well, don't you want to get it?"

"No, sir; I don't know as I does."

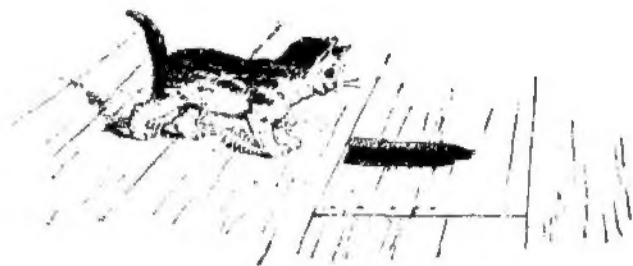
"Well, you'd better want to get it. You'd better want to get to heaven, where it will be warm, and you won't have to make fires on cold mornings."

The idea struck Joe with force, and he "studied" over it for a while; then, looking up with a puzzled expression, he asked: "Tell me, Mr. Carr, is dey any white folks up dar?"

"Yes."

"Well," sighed Joe, "you nee'n't ter tell me, ef dey's any white folks up dar, dat niggers won't have ter make fires fer 'em."

\* *Mélanges, Trois Conférences*, H. Beaugrand, Montréal, 1888, 8vo paper, pp. 149.  
† *Graphic Statistics*, by George Johnson, Ottawa, 1888, 8vo cloth, pp. 80, with 4 charts in sheets.  
‡ *The White Stone Canoe, A Legend of the Ottawas*, by James D. Edgar. Illustrations by W. D. Blatchly, Toronto. The Toronto News Co., 12 mo, pp. 27.



"Ha, ha! I'll catch a mouse!"



chip

"BIG PARDON, BUT DID I HEAR MY NAME MENTIONED?"

### DAVIES BREWERY CO.'S

TORONTO.

Family Cream Ale,

India Pale Crystal Ale,

Nourishing Porter and

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